

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 413

Meanwhile, an unprecedented war took place in the master bedroom, from the bed, to the carpet, the balcony, the shower, the dressing room, the gym, the bathroom...

When Sophia woke up the next day, she felt that her body wasn't her own. Her head hurt; her teeth hurt; her tongue hurt; even her hips, butt, chest, stomach, and legs hurt. It hurt even to go to the toilet.

She was like a robot that was seldom used, and the sudden exertion forced her rusty parts to screech against each other painfully, but she wasn't allowed the time to get used to it.

Last night, Michael had practically been like a beast as he took her. So vicious he was in his conquest that they ended up going through quite a few condoms. Sitting up was painful, and standing up was painful, not to mention lying down on her back, her front, or even on her side.

Sophia wished she was dead as she pressed a pillow to her belly, sobbing quietly with her face buried in another pillow as she regretted her choice—she shouldn't have challenged a beast and its nature.

Michael woke up at last. Turning over to lie on his side, he looked at her before asking in an amused way, "You going to ignore me?"

"Nope, nope." Sophia's weak voice made its way over from the pillow.

"Was last night a thrill?"

“Yes, yes! Couldn’t be any more thrilling!”

“I handed over half a month’s worth of seed in last night’s session. Are you moved by that?”

Sophia was currently as timid as a new bride. “Yes...”

Michael reached out and ruffled her sweaty and unkempt hair.

During the last month or so, she had been kept in the military hospital to recover and hadn’t been going to class. All she did was watch ‘Temptations Of Home’ or stuff like that. Her body had clearly grown, and she now had more meat on her bones, which made her look even cuter. Now that her little face was now a bit longer and mature, she had gained the look of a grown woman. The gap between her appearance in that photo he had first seen her in and her current looks was growing.

Back then, she was like an ugly duckling. Her looks weren’t anything to write home about, and she was shrimpy. Her skin was sickly pale as she sat at a desk piled high with books, dressed in her fading uniform, a pen in one hand and her other hand propping up her cheek while she looked out of the window.

What was she thinking then? Perhaps she was wondering what to eat for lunch, or maybe she was wondering what she would do if she got into Bayside University. Even so, there was still a hint of joy and carefreeness by her brows. She might have been plain, but her eyes still had a resolute determination to them.

Michael could already see this girl’s specialness just with that look in her eyes. It was the same look his mother had when his mother and father first met.

Theo Fletcher was already an officer then, and Elizabeth Murray had gone back to the spotlight that she had stepped away from a while back, becoming a globally renowned actress. She was just a step away from winning an Oscar.

Theo and Elizabeth had met during a charity gala one night. She was one of the performers invited, and she sang her heart out on the stage then. As he listened to her song, he immersed himself in her enthralling voice that was filled with a myriad emotions, as though she was telling a story with just her voice.

He heard her soul through her song; all the loneliness, her strength, and her elegance. When she finished her performance, he weaved through her crowd of admirers to stand before her and told her, "I like you."

The Fletchers had always been loyal to whoever they set their eyes on. They would end up with whoever they first took a fancy to.

Michael and Irene had just probably gone along with things. Since they had grown up together, even Old Master Fletcher and the people around him said that they would be a pair. He also thought that he would end up with Irene, and so they naturally got together.

But even though they were dating each other, they constantly kept their distance while under Old Master Fletcher's eyes. They never dared to cross that line. Always, he felt that there was something between him and Irene that was hindering their relationship from taking a step forward.

When that 'accident' occurred, the so-called 'love' between them crumbled so easily. It was only then that he realized that their relationship had been the result of going along with what others thought. That wasn't love at all.

He and Irene had gotten together only because Old Master Fletcher and the rest of the family hoped they would, but the moment he caught sight of Sophia in that photo, he wanted to protect her and hold up the sky for this fragile yet strong girl with his own warm hands, to build a space that was like a sacred land for her.

She had been like a tiny little seed, clad in a grey coat while lying in his palm. He nurtured her, giving her a space for her to grow healthily, allowing her to slowly sprout and eventually blossom under his warm gaze.

Sophia's body now was covered with marks from Michael. There were even a few light imprints of a bite on her butt, so light that they could barely be seen. The man was in a good mood after a good night's worth of love-making.

So, he got up and drank some water before getting into the shower. As he washed himself, he even sang a song to express the delight he felt after a night's romp. "You're my lover, a lass like a rose. With your fiery lips, my soul was ensnared past midnight."

Sophia sneaked a look at her phone and opened up the entertainment sites again. It was probably nine already, for Glory Entertainment's PR staff were already at work snapping up front page space.

'Taylor and Faye' were back up on the front pages, their articles soon becoming the most clicked-on articles within a few hours. On this day, an entertainment reporter made the long journey to Africa to interview Faye, asking her whether she had married Taylor in secret.

In the video, Faye was shy and timid like a happy little woman. She kept whining, "Oh, how can I possibly come clean about that... Mr. Taylor's always been someone I look up to... I can't really say much about that!"

And so, 'Faye Personally Admits Secret Marriage' quickly made its way to the front pages. The entire Internet was shaken. Faye had finally personally admitted to her secret marriage to Taylor!

Sophia gave an ugly cackle as she read the news before logging into her alt account to post a vicious comment in the article's comment section. 'Anyone who spreads rumors about Taylor will be met with bad luck. Miss Edwards, you better watch your back!' Soon, Faye's toxic fans and Glory Entertainment's paid commenters hurled hundreds of toxic comments back at her.

By the time Michael returned to the room after his shower, Sophia had fallen asleep again; receiving his seeds was a very exhausting thing to do after all. Michael gently closed the door and went downstairs to ask the chef to make

something nourishing for Sophia. Then, he went to the living room to look for Nathan and immediately cut to the chase. “So, I heard that you’ve been trying to turn your father into your mom’s ex?”

“Nope.” Nathan looked cold and aloof.

“I also heard that you’re looking for a stepdad for yourself?”

“Nope.”

“And I heard that you’ve been trying to frame me?”

“Nope.”

Michael tilted his head to look at Nathan before bursting into laughter from frustration. As he patted Nathan’s head, he said, “Alright, you little brat. I’ll protect your mom properly in the future. I won’t allow her to get hurt anymore, okay?”

Nathan’s head slowly turned back to face him as he looked at Michael’s solemn expression. His dad didn’t seem to be lying, so Nathan contemplated it before saying, “Pinky swear.” He then stuck out his pinky finger, and Michael happily made a pinky swear with him. However, Nathan still felt that since he was the one who first noticed Sophia, he had the right to give her a better husband.